

## THE BUGLE-CALL.

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow  
Over the harvest and over the snow?  
Children are crying, "O give to us bread."  
Widows are languishing over their dead;  
Pity them, bugler, pity and blow  
Blessings and bounties wherever you go.

Bugler, bugler, where shall you lead?  
Into the mansions of money and greed,  
Into the parlors where pleasure is king,  
Into the mansions where the multitude wail;  
Sound the swift summons that none may say  
"The poor you have always; rise, help them today."

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow?  
Songs that have thrilled in the face of the foe,  
Songs that shall stir in the heart and the brain,  
While our brave banners are flying again—  
Flying unfurled in the marches of peace;  
Blow, bugler, blow, and give us increase!

Bugler, bugler, war is away,  
Play up the songs of a happier day;  
Many there sleep who went marching with you,  
Under the dusky and under the dew;  
Hail, O bugler, inspire us to play,  
Honor to those who are passing away!

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow?  
Cheer for our heroes who ever they go,  
Cheer for their deeds, for their sorrows a tear,  
Safe in our hearts be the things they hold dear!  
Bugler, bugler, this shall you blow,  
Over the harvest and over the snow!  
—KATE BROWDER SHERWOOD.

## The Great Hesper.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"But he did not take account of the fact that the door by which the girl enters the house is at the back of the right block, and that the stairs by which she would ascend to the first floor bring her to the landing between Sir Edmund's room and Miss Lascelles's. Thus, though carrying out her father's instructions to the letter, she must inevitably make her attempt upon Miss Lascelles's room and not upon yours. Look at your plan."

"I follow you perfectly well," I said, astonished by the ingenuity of his explanation, which had made a perfectly incredible supposition possible—nay, for the moment, probable. I was forced to admit that this explanation was feasible, yet I could not believe that Lola, who seemed sincerely attached to me, would consent to aid in my ruin merely at the instigation of her father, whose authority she habitually disregarded. I said this to Van Hoek.

"It is because she is attached to you—because she loves you," he replied, with emphasis, "that she would readily enter into her father's project to rob you of the diamond. The diamond is her enemy—it has separated you from her, and placed you side by side with Miss Lascelles, for whom she has manifested a jealous hatred from the very first. What could be more gratifying to her savage disposition than to take away the diamond that has created this difference between you and her, and reduce you once more to her level. It is the only hope she can have of getting you away from Miss Lascelles, and restoring the former condition of equality upon which your companionship with her rested."

Again I was compelled to admit the force of Van Hoek's argument. "But why," I asked, "should Brace trust such a perilous undertaking to his daughter?"

"For an obvious reason," he replied. "If you caught her in the act of robbing, you would not raise your hand against her; if you caught him, you would blow his brains out. For her you would find excuse; for him none."

In this there was truth also. "Talking of that," he continued, "what arms do you keep about you for defense?"

"None," I replied.

"I thought so. Take this," he said, drawing a long clasp-knife from his breast-pocket.

He showed the spring with which the narrow blade opened, and the catch which locked it at the back of the horn handle, and made me promise to use it for my defense, no matter who attacked me. I also promised to close my window, which I habitually kept open at night, and to secure the fastening of that, as well as the door, before going to bed. Finally he exacted that I should once more inclose the Hesper in the leather case, and strap it to my wrist the last thing at night.

The Judge did not return until dusk. He was fatigued, and his general appearance indicated a pursuit through rough and thorny ways.

"I've seen the Kid," he said; "but she would not listen to reason; and not being afeared of spilling her clothes, she naturally got the best of the argument, and played it low down on her father."

He advocated starving her into better behavior, and would have had the door closed to cut off her communication with the dairy, but Miss Lascelles would not listen to this; she would not yield to fear, and declined to change her room or alter her ordinary habits.

When night came Van Hoek said to me, after we had separated from the rest—

"This is no time for sleep, Thorne; we must watch through the night, whether you like it or not, if it is only for Miss Lascelles's sake."

I readily agreed to this and for an hour we walked on a part of the lawn from which I could see Edith's window. Then the rain which had been drizzling for some time, fell heavily and forced us to go in.

I might have been occupied with speculation for half an hour or more when I heard a scream of terror that I could not doubt came from the wing in which Edith lay. In an instant I opened the door and ran through the corridor. The doors in the picture gallery were open. As I drew aside the curtains which closed in the staircase corridor of the left wing, I saw Sir Edmund come from his room with a lamp. The door of Edith's room exactly faced his; it was wide open; all was dark within.

"What is it, my dear, what is it?" he called, as he entered the room. There was no answer.

I followed to the door. Sir Edmund was standing by the bed looking around him in blank dismay. "She is gone," he gasped. "The door was wide open—"

The bed stood away from the wall. I bade Sir Edmund look on the further side.

There was scarcely room for him to pass between the foot of the bed and the wall, but as he lowered the light, he said, in quick alarm:

"She is here—unconscious—ring the bell for the women."

I ran to the bell and rang it violently; then from the stairs in the cross-gallery I called to the servants to come down. In the meanwhile Sir Edmund had raised Edith and placed her on the bed, where she lay like one dead.

The housekeeper told me to leave the room. I went to the door, and stood there trembling from head to foot.

There was a long period of terrible suspense, and then I heard the dear voice murmur, and my heart bounding with joy, I ventured forward that I might see the life once more in her beautiful face. Sir Edmund stopped me on the threshold.

"Thank God," he said fervently, "she has come back to us; but the women say she must be kept quiet. Go back to your room, my dear fellow, and we will talk it all over at breakfast time. Good night, good-night."

### CHAPTER VIII.

Ignorant of what had occurred in Edith's room before her cry for help, I paced my room, thinking how terrible the fright must have been that made her faint a second time, and despite her belief in the unreality of these mysterious appearances.

"Your turn will come," Van Hoek had said to me, and these words coming back to my mind, I asked myself if the repeated attacks upon Edith might not be part of a complicated scheme to obtain the diamond.

Such a plot was the more possible because it seemed impossible. An act of legerdemain succeeds or not, according to the skill with which the conjurer fixes our attention on a false train of operations while he works out the actual feat. As I made these reflections, I took the Great Hesper from the pouch on my waist strap, and buckled it in its case upon my left wrist; then I doubly locked the door, saw that there was oil in the lamp, put a box of wax matches beside it on the table, and finally opened the long-bladed knife Van Hoek had given me, and stuck it between the mattress and the side of the bedstead.

The room was thickly carpeted and oak-paneled. The furniture—with the exception of the toilet arrangements and a low, saddle-backed chair—was antique and of oak. The bedstead was particularly wide, with four carved pillars carrying a baldachin and heavy curtains of some thick brocade, looped at the foot, but hanging loose at the head; it faced the oriel.

Between the right side of the bed and the wall was a square table—on which stood the lamp—with the saddle-back chair beside it. On the left-hand side of the bed was a tall carved black press. A large chimney, with a sculptured mantel and an open hearth, faced the door. A screen shut off the washstand, which stood to the left of the oriel. A broad settle with a valance, and covered with a stuff similar to the hangings of the bed, ran around the three-sided recess formed by the window—curtains of the same kind shut off this recess. A corner cabinet, with folding-doors in the lower part, fitted the angle of the walls to the right; between this and the door was a deep, wide, and long chest, and above it a large mirror. An escritoire, some high-backed chairs, and a second table, completed the furniture. There was no door but the one opening upon the corridor, and no window save the oriel.

In the early part of the night I had described these particulars to Van Hoek, at his request, and he had made me examine the press, the old chest, the hangings of the bed and settle; everything, in fact, which might afford a hiding-place to Lola or another.

I had even gone down upon my knees, and looked under the bed to appease his anxiety. And yet now a vague uneasiness possessed me as I raised the lamp shade, and looked round the room. The dark oak wainscot, the somber hangings, the painted ceiling overhead, absorbed the light there was a black void on the opposite side of the bed, where the light from the lamp was intercepted by the curtains; I could not see even the outline of the great press.

I readjusted the shade, turned the wick higher, and, half undressed, threw myself upon the bed. I was not afraid—in strength I was a match for any natural foe, and I did not believe in the existence of any other—yet I felt myself infected with Van Hoek's presentiment of impending calamity.

It was well suited for a murder that bed, with its pall-like hangings to conceal the lurking murderer.

Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac.

My ear had become so familiar to the brisk movement of my watch that the slightest sound was audible above it. And a sound slight indeed I heard.

To my mind, dwelling then upon assassins, it sounded like the drawing of a dagger from its sheath.

Turning my head toward the side from which the sound seemed to proceed, I fancied I saw the heavy curtain move; it was between me and the lamp. The movement was as

slight as the sound. If it was a fact that I heard one, it was a fact that I saw the other.

I drew myself up gradually, and leaning forward, I suddenly flung back the curtain with my left hand; there was no resistance to my hand; nothing to be seen beyond but the lamp burning steadily on the table, the saddle-back chair, and the dim outline of the big chimney-piece.

I got upon my knees, and pushed the curtain flat against the wall, to be sure that there could be no possibility of anyone concealed in the heavy folds—to assure myself that my suspicions were utterly without foundation.

This end of the room was comparatively light, and the saddle-back chair was so placed as to preclude the possibility of anyone hiding beyond it.

If the curtain had indeed moved, it must have been by a hand under the bed. It was easier to believe that I had been mistaken in seeing the light movement than to suppose I had overlooked a concealed thief when I looked under the bed to satisfy Van Hoek; so I let the curtain fall, and sat down again.

My thoughts still dwelt upon the idea of assassination. Setting aside the idea of an intrigue in which Lola was concerned, there was yet nothing preposterous in Van Hoek's presentiment. There were eight or ten servants in the house, and undoubtedly everyone of them knew of the marvelous treasure in my keeping. They would tell their friends in the adjacent village, the keepers, the tradespeople—in a few days the story would be carried about and made known to hundreds; and was there none among them whose cupid might take practical form?

It was quite possible that under this very roof there was one with the ingenuity and daring to plan and execute the robbery. A servant intimately acquainted with the arrangement of the rooms and the peculiarities of the building would probably know of the external means of communication between the bay and the oriel windows. Without this knowledge, no one, it seemed to me, would dare to attempt the passage at night and in the dark; but with that knowledge, and possibly some previous practice, the feat was sufficiently practicable. In that case, Edith might actually have seen what she had since attributed to imagination.

A cause is sometimes discovered by examining the effect. Now what effect had been produced by these attacks? The first had frightened Edith excessively; the second—for only to a second fright could I attribute her scream of terror—had brought her father and myself from our rooms. Instantly something like the truth flashed upon my mind.

To bring me from my room was the very object with which an attack upon Edith had been made.

Unriddling the mystery with this key, I assumed that the thief had watched me close the door upon Van Hoek and return to my room; that, after allowing me sufficient time to get into bed, but not to fall into sound sleep, he had made the attack upon Edith, opening her door beforehand to provide a speedy means of escape and to allow her cry to be more distinctly heard; that, having succeeded in terrifying her, he had sped down the stairs in the left block, passed through the library and dining-room, and ascended by the stairs in the right block about the same time that I might be supposed to have reached Edith's room, and that, reckoning upon my keeping the Great Hesper under my pillow, and leaving it there in my alarm upon Edith's account, he had expected to have possessed himself of a treasure. If what I thus assumed was the fact, then indeed this plan might have succeeded but for Van Hoek's prudent insistence upon my strapping the diamond to my wrist.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### "God's Witness Trees."

It seems rather odd that the testimony of five inanimate, speechless trees should be taken as indisputable evidence of the existence of a God or the immortality of the soul, but such is the case, at least with a large portion of the people of Hertfordshire, England. At Tewin, five miles from the residence of the marquis of Salisbury, five large trees grow from a grave in the cemetery. The legend concerning them is this: The grave is that of Lady Anne Grimeston, wife of Sir Samuel Grimeston of Gorbamby, who died November 22, 1713. On her deathbed she denied the existence of God, and hoped, if she found things otherwise, five trees would grow out of her grave. The trees soon appeared and grew with surprising rapidity, and now mutely tell the remainder of the story.

#### He Had Seen Them.

He had been talking to the pretty girl from Boston about his observations and experiences in the West. "Did you," she inquired, "ever see any of the Indians known as 'excavators'?"

"As which—oh, or, yes," and he hastened to assure her that he had seen any number of "Diggers."

#### Faith in Something.

"Wilkins is a terrible skeptic, isn't he?"

"Wilkins? Why, I always thought he had unbounded faith."

"What in, for goodness sake?"

"His own judgment, to be sure."

#### His Honor Corrected.

Judge—Do you mean to tell me you haven't been drunk since July? Prisoner—Have been, your honor; have been is what I said.

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### Russia Heeds the Lesson.

The Russian naval authorities have not been slow to take advantage of the lessons taught by the sinking of H. M. S. Victoria. An exact model of the sunken vessel is, it is said, being constructed in Cronstadt, and this, together with the information available as to the causes of the accident, will serve as an object lesson to Russian naval architects as well as to what shall be avoided in designing new vessels.

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After reading the following letters can any one deny that a trustworthy remedy for that terrible fatal malady, consumption, has at last been found? If these letters had been written by your best known and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming, as they do, from well known, intelligent and trustworthy citizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them.

E. C. Melin, Esq., of Kemperville, Princess Anne Co., Va., whose portrait heads this article, writes: "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thank fully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery' would have resulted in my death."

Even when the predisposition to consumption is inherited, it may be cured, as verified by the following from a most truthful and much respected Canadian lady, Mrs. Thomas Vansicklin, of Brighton, Ont. She writes: "I have long felt it my duty to acknowledge to you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets' have done for me. They almost raised me from the grave. I had three brothers and one sister die of consumption and I was speedily following after them. I had severe cough, pain, copious expectoration and other alarming symptoms and my friends all thought I had but a few months to live. At that time I was persuaded to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle acted like magic. Of course, I continued on with the medicine and as a result I gained rapidly in strength. My friends were aston-

ished. When I commenced the use of your medicines, six years ago, I weighed but 130 pounds and was sinking rapidly. I now weigh 135, and my health continues perfect."

*Mrs. Thos. Vansicklin.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, nasal catarrh, bronchitis, severe coughs, asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

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